Here ſtands the ſpring whome you haue ſtaind with mud,
This goodly ſommer with your winter mixt,
You kild her huſband, and for that vild fault,
Two of her brothers were condemnd to death,
My hand cut off and made a merrie ieſt,
Both her ſweete hands, hir tongue, and that more deare
Than hands or tongue, her ſpotleſſe chaſtitie,
Inhumane traitors you conſtraind and forſt.
What would you ſay if I ſhould let you ſpeake?
Villaines for ſhame you could not beg for grace.
Harke wretches how I meane to martir you,
This one hand yet is left to cut your throats,
While that *Lauinia* tweene her ſtumps doth hold,
The baſon that receaues your guiltie blood.
You know your Mother meanes to feaſt with me,
And calles herſelfe Reuenge and thinks me mad.
Harke villaines I will grinde your bones to duſt,
And with your blood and it Ile make a paſte,
And of the paſte a coffen I will reare,
And make two paſties of your ſhamefull heades,
And bid that ſtrumpet your vnhallowed Dam,
Like to the earth ſwallow her owne increaſe.
This is the feaſt that I haue bid her too,
And this the banket ſhe ſhall ſurfet on,
For worſe than *Philomell* you vſde my daughter,
And worſe than *Progne* I will be reuengd.
And now prepare your throats, *Lauinia* come,
Receaue the blood, and when that they are dead,
Let me goe grinde their bones to powder ſmall,
And with this hatefull liquour temper it,
And in that paſte let their vile heades be bakt,
Come, come, be euerie one officius,
To make this banket which I wiſh may proue
More ſterne and bloodie than the Centaurs feaſt,

He cuts their throats.

So now bring them in for Ile play the Cooke,

And ſee them readie a

Enter Lucius,

Lucius. Vncle *M*
That I repaire to Rome
Got. And ours with t
Luci. Good Vncle
This rauenous tiger, this
Let him receaue no ſuſ
Till he be brought vnt
For teſtemonie of her f
And ſee the Ambuſh o
I feare the Emperour m
Moore. Some diuell
And prompt me that m
The venemous mallice
Lucius. Away inhun
Sirs help our vncle to
The trumpets ſhew e t

Sound Trumpets. Ent
bunes and others.
King. What hath th
Lucius, What boo
Mar. Romes Empe
Theſe quarrels muſt be
The feaſt is ready whic
Hath ordainde to an ho
For peace, for loue, for
Pleaſe you therefore, d
King. Marcus we wi

Trumpets ſounding,
diſhes, and Lauinia wi
Titus. Welcome